

and
ILLUSTRATED
Misc

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MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1904.

THE KING'S HEALTH.

His Majesty Yesterday
"Very Much Better."

ST. PAUL'S SERVICE.

It is satisfactory to be able to record the fact of the King's indisposition following the normal course of a severe cold unaccompanied by feverish symptoms.

On Saturday the King was present at his dinner-party at Buckingham Palace, as no risk of further chill was involved in merely moving from one room to another.

There were present the French and United States Ambassadors, who sat on either hand of the King, and the Japanese Ambassador, who sat next the Emperor.

and next to Earl Roberts; also the Spanish and Italian Ambassadors, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and many members of the Cabinet.

Yesterday Sir Francis Laking, in view of the prevalent cold wind and the draughty condition of the majority of large buildings,

strongly advised his Majesty not to be present at the service at St. Paul's. The King therefore reluctantly cancelled his visit.

“Last night the King was reported to be very much better,” but had been advised not to go out for the present.

His Majesty will, however, hold the Privy Council at Buckingham Palace to-day.

QUEEN AT ST PAUL'S.

Bible Centenary Service Graced
by Royalty.

To the vast assemblage which yesterday celebrated the Bible Society's centenary, "God Save the King," as it pealed from the great organ of St. Paul's, meant more than a mere

As the melody of the National Anthem swelled through the crowded aisles of the cathedral it awakened in the hearts of every person present a soul-felt prayer that his Majesty's indisposition would be but temporary.

When on the stroke of noon a cross bearer preceded the Bishop of London and the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's to the west door to

meet the royal party a solemn hush fell on the congregation, for many were unaware that the King would not be present, and others

physicians hoped to the last moment that his physicians would allow him to attend.

But the weather, which by its rawness and inclemency had resulted in a very slight attendance of spectators on the line of route, had also

When at last the Queen appeared, unaccompanied by his Majesty, a general murmur

Queen Alexandra was accompanied to the centenary service by the Princess of Wales and Prince Albert.

and Princess Victoria. She arrived at the cathedral in a closed carriage drawn by four horses, with postillions and outriders, and was preceded by the Princess of Wales.

preceded to the royal seats under the dome, near the choir, by a procession which included the Remembrancer, the Aldermen, Sheriffs, and the Lord Mayor.

The service was specially selected to bear on the work of the Bible Society, and opened with the hymn, "Let There Be Light."

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon, of which the text was "And God said."

"The assemblage had met," he said, in the course of his sermon, "to thankfully acknow-

the Divine grace which had enabled them to distribute to every nation in its own tongue just such Bibles as had nearly four hundred years ago been in that same cathedral.

At the conclusion of the service the Arch-

At the conclusion of the service the Archbishop pronounced a blessing on the assem-

HER MAJESTY'S TRIBUTE TO THE BIBLE.



Yesterday was the centenary Sunday of the Bible Society, and the Queen attended the special service in St. Paul's Cathedral. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

SENSATION.

g Incident, on
St. George.

CODE STOLEN.

fallen on the Channel Fleet at
Secret Signal Code Book has
St. George.

of such obvious importance is
the occurrence which, can be
hip's officers and crew; under
thly ranks as high treason.
be felt equally by every man
herto been proud to bear the
George on his cap ribbon; and
feel the reproach cast upon it.
tenant of the watch on duty
discovered, and the signal
signalmen more immediately
which has been placed under ar-
more successful in finding out
ple of the culprit than similar
been the humiliating experi-
ence in the past.

possible for the most, and
to be lost in itself, a con-
observance of the King's regu-
its special safeguard, and a
of discipline.

sign Powers.

if this book would be
to any foreign Power, who
a large sum for a copy, it
codes.

they would not only be able
the private commands, the
captain, but also, the whole
made by signal, whether
Marconi, would be an open
secret.

Id, by sending false messages,
the ships unaware of the decep-
tion.

recent years the signal book
British warship, and in each
been stolen.

the Royal Sovereign was re-
is, but the thief was never
found.

ago a similar book, lost from
on, was believed to have been

I.M.S. St. George's book has
ard. If this is the case it
as it is specially bound in
appearing.

hich surround this sacrosanct
Ingenuity is exhausted in
crets from falling into hostile

ty Duty.

action it is the duty of the
book on deck in some chest
to all the officers, so that
or prove adverse, it can be
found there be the slightest
thing captured.

dition in the Navy before and
son.

om the St. George cannot be
can no longer have any con-
of the existing code. It will
y to recast entirely a code for
work of immense trouble,
errible time to effect.

at the British Navy will be
is in the hands of a foreign
any time prove an antagonist.

S' WELCOME.

lk Brings Home His
hful Bride.

he region round turned out
me the Duke and Duchess of
urn to the Duke's historic
honeymoon.

crowded, and everybody so
wishes to the dual pair that
a long time the centre of a
om the station to the castle,
who won all hearts by the
er manner, was dressed in a
pink velvet, sable cape, and

fog-signals announced the
ce and Duchess from the sta-
tionour of the Sussex Imperial
arm. The carriage was
h beautiful bouquets.

harmful bouquets.

harmful bouquets.

EAST ENDERS.

ie Sanitary Inspectors' Asso-
night Mr. F. S. Bare (Sun-
thinal Green) gave an address
of the awful conditions of
the East End.

f the specimens of prices paid
tickers at 10d. per dozen,
er dozen, and blouses at 9d.
e shop in the West End, sold
at 3s. 11d. each, 1s. 1d.

re the drinking
nearly five per cent. of the
ere made in the East End
e had seen gentlemen's frock
a tip-top West End firm.

HILE PRAYING.

at occurred last evening at the
ch, Prince Consort's road,
a lady was kneeling at
rice she suddenly fell on the
immediately. The body was
minister mortuary.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:
Continuing cloudy and unsettled with cold
easterly winds; rain, sleet, and snow at times.
Lighting-up time: 6.49 p.m.

Sea passages in the south and west will be
moderate or rather rough, and rough in the
North Sea.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A
GLANCE.

By the advice of Sir F. Laking, the King did
not leave Buckingham Palace yesterday. His
Majesty's progress towards recovery continues to
be uninterrupted. To-day's Privy Council will
take place as arranged. Her Majesty the Queen
was present at the Bible Centenary service in St.
Paul's Cathedral.—(Page 1.)

A Japanese squadron of four battleships and two
cruisers yesterday bombarded Vladivostok from a
distance of about five miles. According to the
Russian account, 200 lyddite shells were fired. No
damage was done to the town. No reply was made
by the forts, the defenders deciding to await the
nearer approach of the enemy. With this excep-
tion the Far Eastern situation is unchanged.—
(Page 2.)

Lord Shand, who had been unwell for the last
three weeks, passed away yesterday morning at his
London residence, aged seventy-five. The late
peer had a long and distinguished career at the
Bar.—(Page 3.)

The secret signal code book on H.M.S. St.
George, now with the Channel Fleet, has been
lost. Three of the men immediately concerned
with its care have been placed under arrest pend-
ing a searching inquiry, which is to be made at
an early date.—(Page 2.)

Field-Marshal Count Von Waldersee, one of
Germany's greatest soldiers, died at Hanover on
Saturday evening. The Kaiser has sent a telegram
of sympathy to the widow. It has been arranged
for the interment to take place on the estate of
the late Count's nephew in Holstein.—(Page 4.)

With the exception of the City of London, all the
L.C.C. results are to hand. The Progressives lose
three seats, consequently their majority on the
new body will still be large. Very little interest was
shown in the election, despite the fact that the
votes recorded exceeded by 20,000 those given at
the last election.—(Page 6.)

"The Gingaie," a new play founded on life
in Ceylon, was produced at Daly's Theatre on
Saturday evening.—(Page 13.)

According to an Aden telegram, General Eger-
ton had informed the Mullah that only his death
or capture will put an end to the operations against
him.—(Page 3.)

Nearly £30,000 was realised on Saturday in con-
nection with the sale of the Townshend heirlooms,
the works of the great masters obtaining the
highest prices. One picture realised 3,150 guineas.
—(Page 5.)

After a trial lasting several days the jury, em-
panelled at Monaghan Assizes to consider the case
of Joseph Fee, indicted in respect of the Irish
"Moat Murder," have disagreed. A new trial has
been ordered.—(Page 6.)

To the Edmonton police on Saturday a young
married woman named Coleman confessed to the
wilful murder of her son under pathetic circum-
stances. She will be charged to-day.—(Page 6.)

More is to be heard of the Dreyfus case. On
Saturday the Court of Cassation held that the
demand for a revision was admissible, and in giving
its decision made an order for the opening of a
supplementary inquiry.—(Page 4.)

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk returned to
Arundel Castle on Saturday, their arrival being
made the occasion of a warm welcome by the towns-
folk.—(Page 2.)

What is described as a discovery that will revo-
lutionise one of the great industries of the world
has been made by two Sheffield working-men,
named Creswick and Shaw. They have perfected
a system for silver-plating aluminium.—(Page 11.)

Liverpool underwriters report the feared loss of
four sailing ships on various dates with no fewer
than ninety lives.—(Page 3.)

As a result of the announcements respecting the
rat plague at Braintree, Essex, a number of offers
to remedy the nuisance have been received from
different sources by the local sanitary authority.—
(Page 5.)

The Football Association Cup-ties were ad-
vanced another stage on Saturday. Tottenham
Hotspur drew with Sheffield Wednesday—but the
surprise of the round was the defeat of Sheffield
United by Bolton Wanderers.—(Page 14.)

Brand, the Somerset professional, accomplished
splendid work with the ball in the last Test match
at Melbourne, taking eight wickets for 81 runs. The
Australians were dismissed for a total of 247, and
when stumps were drawn England had lost two
wickets for four runs.—(Page 14.)

In fair weather the Grand Military meeting was
concluded at Sandown Park on Saturday before a
race, one owing to the disqualification of Geoff in
the Tally-Ho Steeplechase.—(Page 15.)

Quietness prevailed in the Stock Markets on
Saturday. Consols were dull, as well as Home
Rail and Foreign Bonds.—(Page 6.)

To-Day's Arrangements.

The King holds a Council.
Bible Society: Centenary meeting, Albert Hall, 7.30.
"Journies on the River Yala and in Southern Man-
churia."
Anti-Rest Reform League: Women's Branch: Mr. L. S.
Amery on "Tariff Reform and its Relation to Imperial
Defence."
St. Peter's Institute, Buckingham Palace-
road, 2.
National Free Church Council: Annual meetings,
Newcastle-on-Tyne (four days).
Hornet Shrewsbury opens the Manchester Motor Exhibi-
tion.
Society of American Women in London: Luncheon,
Hornet Cecil, 1.
Rugby: The Military Doubles Championship begins,
Prince's Club, Knightsbridge.
Amateur: The University Sports (two days);
the Cambridge University Sports (two days).

JAPAN'S ARMY, PAST AND PRESENT.



Only fifty years ago the Japanese army was composed of weird-looking warriors who terrified their enemies by their fantastic appearance. To-day, the army of Japan is as scientifically equipped as any army in the world.

KITCHENER ON CRUTCHES.

Lord Kitchener's recovery from the accident
in which his leg was broken has been very tardy.
He is still exceedingly lame, and looks much
thinner than before.

At the last meeting of the Viceroy's Legislative
Council he managed to hobble to his place with
the assistance of two sticks, but had to be carried
up the stairs.

He is, nevertheless, in excellent spirits, and
has continued to do his work.

NIGHT WATCHMAN STABBED.

While Ernest Worsfold, a night watchman, em-
ployed at Elingham-road, Long Ditton, where
some large water mains are being laid, was sitting
in his box during the early hours of Saturday
morning, he was attacked by a tramp and stabbed
in the back with a knife.

It is alleged that his assailant was George
Andrews, aged thirty-five, who has been remanded
by the Kingston magistrates. According to the
evidence, Andrews went up to the watchman and
asked to be allowed to lie down in the box. His
request being refused, he plunged a knife into
Worsfold's back.

MASONIC SECRETS.

Mr. Justice Darling on Saturday heard an action
brought by Mr. Henry Tender, a piano manu-
facturer and dealer in jewellery, to recover from Mr.
W. W. Raymond, proprietor of a riverside hotel,
£291 1s. upon two bills of exchange.

The defendant explained that the plaintiff and
he were brother Masons. Masons, he told the
Judge, would do for each other what they would
not do for other people.

Mr. Justice Darling: How do you know a
Mason?—I am afraid I must not say.

Mr. Justice Darling: Never mind, I suppose it
is in the "Encyclopedia Britannica."
Judgment was given for the plaintiff.

MULLAH MUST DIE OR SURRENDER.

The Mullah has been informed (says a Reuter
telegram from Aden) by General Egerton that
only his death or capture will put an end to the
operations against him.

The Mullah, says a Reuter special, is still shed-
ding his superfluous specimens, for commissariat
reasons. He is retaining only the riflemen of his
force. A hundred of his starving followers
surrendered to Major Brooke last week.

FOUR SHIPS MISSING.

The Liverpool underwriters report the feared loss
of four sailing ships with no fewer than ninety
lives. Nothing has been heard of the Martaban,
Cardiff to Barbadoes, for five months. The Loch
Bredan, also of Liverpool, left Adelaide six months
ago for Durban. It is feared she has foundered
whilst rounding the Cape. The other two over-
due vessels are the French ship Paris, Hamburg
for Honolulu, and the Dutch barque Voorwaerts,
New York for Rio Grande.

DENTISTS FOR TOMMY ATKINS.

The services of eight dental surgeons are autho-
rised for duty with troops in the United Kingdom
from April 1 next.

They will be required to devote their whole time
to Army duty, and will receive an inclusive salary
of £365 per annum and travelling expenses.

Wiping off a grudge in Hungary is apparently
an extensive matter. Our Vienna correspondent
writes that, angered against her mistress, a servant
girl of twenty-five, at Solva, caused a fire in the
village, which ultimately reduced forty-seven houses
to ashes, as well as the church.

MARSHAL WALTERSEE DEAD

Famous German Soldier Who Wished To Be Chancellor.

The great German soldier, Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee, died at Hanover on Saturday evening.

The Emperor William (says Reuter) has sent the following telegram of sympathy to the Countess von Waldersee:—

"In hearty sympathy I and the Empress feel for you in your bitter loss, for we know what you possessed and have now lost in him who has gone to God. My grief is shared by the Army, which looked up to him as the chosen warrior in a time of serious war. In him I lose an old and cherished friend. May God comfort and strengthen you."

"WILLIAM R."

On Wednesday the remains of the deceased will, after a religious ceremony, be taken to the railway station, whence they will be conveyed by train to Neversdorf, in Holstein, the estate of the late Count's nephew, where the funeral will take place.

Field-Marshal Count Alfred von Waldersee, if he had lived until April 8, would have been seventy-two. England was chiefly interested in him because three years ago he was appointed to the supreme command of the allied forces in China; but he was one of Germany's greatest soldiers, and a pupil of Bismarck and von Moltke.

Lavish preparations were made by Germany for von Waldersee's comfort and well-being when in China. Among the special articles of his equipment was a fire-proof house. It was constructed of prepared material, and absolutely guaranteed against the most raging flames. This house was sent out in parts and erected. It was set on fire, and every particle of it burnt, while other houses in the vicinity, built of ordinary materials, smouldered and went out.

The Marshal's American Wife.

Not a little of the fame he achieved in life von Waldersee owed to the influence of his wife. Previous to her marriage with Prince Schleswig-Holstein she was Miss Esther Lee, of New York. She exerted her utmost influence to obtain the position of Imperial Chancellor for Count von Waldersee. Bismarck treated her with contempt, and, before a roomful of people, made her the object of his most bitter sarcasm. The Kaiser became a warm friend of the Waldersees; but in the end Bismarck carried the day.

The Kaiser at his request issued a decree forbidding soldiers to meddle with politics, and, as all the



COUNT VON WALTERSEE.

Field Marshal of the German Army, died on Saturday evening. He distinguished himself in the Franco-German War, and commanded the allied forces in the expedition for the relief of the Legations at Peking in 1900.

world knew, this was aimed at the chief of the staff. Von Waldersee was in disgrace. He was offered the command of the Ninth Army Corps, which practically meant an order of banishment to Altona. Von Waldersee refused the command. He told the Kaiser plainly that he could not accept an appointment inferior in rank to that which he had long held.

The Kaiser did not even see the Count. He sent him a reply ordering him to proceed immediately to Altona. No sooner did he arrive than Waldersee called upon Bismarck and made his peace with him. The Kaiser was furious. But Bismarck interposed, and after many months a reconciliation was brought about, and the Emperor again visited the Waldersees.

DREYFUS CASE AGAIN.

Court of Cassation Grants the Demand for a Revision.

The demand made for a revision of the Dreyfus case has been held admissible, and the Court of Cassation, which has been considering the matter, in giving its decision on Saturday made an order for the opening of a supplementary inquiry.

Saturday was the third day of the hearing, and M. Mornard, the ex-captain's counsel, after recalling the history of the case, urged that an inquiry was necessary on all points, firstly on account of Dreyfus, and secondly to free the Army from the shortcomings of certain individuals who were unworthy of wearing the uniform.

More than an hour was occupied by the Court in deliberation before issuing its decision. Comparatively little interest has been shown by the public in the present revival of the case which once stirred the most apathetic to take up a position of the most violent partisanship.

The application which has been successfully made before the Court of Cassation was first brought under the consideration of the Minister of Justice in November of last year.

Ato Yosef, private secretary to the Emperor Menelik, will shortly arrive at St. Petersburg.

"BUNS" NOT BANNED.

Ladies of Lyons' May Choose Their Own Coiffure.

There has been needless flutter and alarm among the waitresses at Messrs. Lyons's depots concerning the supposed edict that they were to alter the style of their hairdressing. It is nothing more than a base canard.

"The truth of the matter is," said Mr. J. Lyons to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative, "that the superintendents at some of the shops noticed that one or two of the girls were getting careless

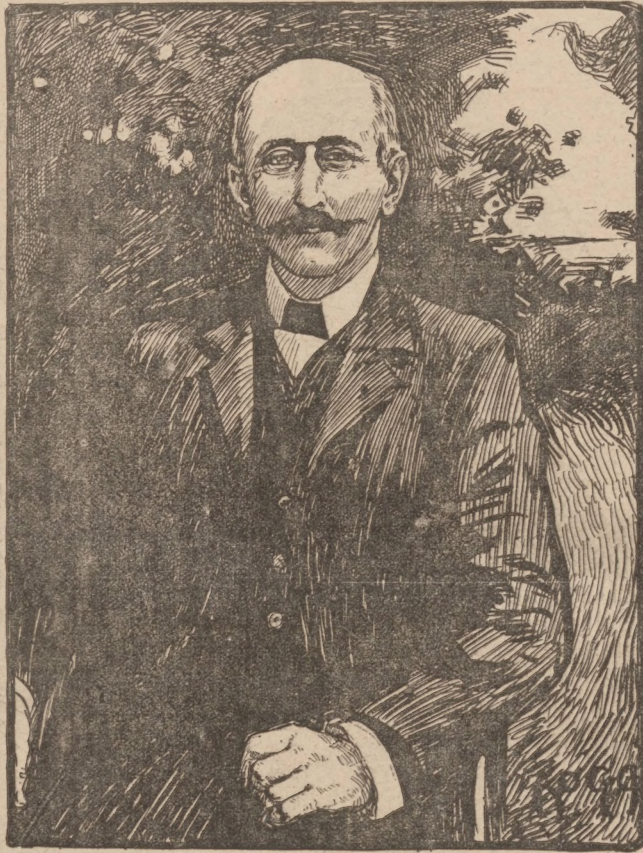
"OFF-SIDE" IN RELIGION.

London Rector on the "'Spur's" Match.

The Rev. Wilson Carlile, vicar of St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, who a week ago preached on the "Bothing-Up of Port Arthur," bringing the practical lessons of the siege vividly before his audience by the use of a bottle and a cork, took as the subject of his discourse last night Saturday's great match between Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday.

"What lessons do you intend to draw from it,"

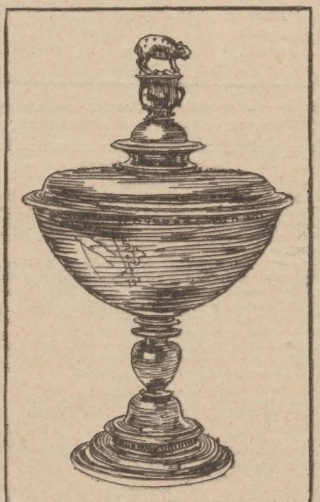
DREYFUS TO BE TRIED AGAIN.



The question of the guilt or innocence of Captain Dreyfus is once again to occupy the French Courts, for on Saturday the judges ordered the opening of a "supplementary inquiry."

about their dress and appearance, that their hair was untidy, and their caps badly adjusted. Thinking that perhaps the present style of doing the hair did not suit them it was suggested that they should do it in another fashion, and perhaps they would look smarter.

"One of these girls, offended at being told she was untidy, must have spread the report that all the staff were to change the style of their hair by special orders from headquarters. Naturally, all that we desire is to have our waitresses looking neat and attractive. If a particular style of doing the hair does not suit a girl we do not insist upon it so long as she adopts a way that does suit her. Neither are the girls compelled to wear the hair a certain fashion, but if the uniform style suits them we prefer that they should adopt that style."



This famous silver cup, which is one of the heirlooms of the Townshend family, was made from the Great Seal of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It has just been sold by auction for £2,500.

asked the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative.

"I'm going to take the game step by step," returned Mr. Carlile, "and draw the obvious moral. To begin at the beginning, the 'Spurs' have entered for the Cup; so have we—the Heavenly Cup. The 'Spurs' have kicked off. Have we? Have we made a fair start since our entry?"

"Again, are we playing the game fairly and honestly, as it ought to be played? Are we avoiding anything in the nature of 'off-side' tactics, such as taking part in concerns where we have no right, and touching things we ought not to touch?"

Pointing to the screen hung across the chancel arch to receive lantern illustrations the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative asked what was to be shown.

"My Tottenham slides have come to grief," said the rector. "My illustrations to-night will be mainly in connection with one of my assistants, who was practising jumping into a sheet from a high window. The sheet wasn't properly held, and the poor fellow was killed."

VETERAN'S LONG WALK.

Dr. Deighton Much Tried by Very Bad Roads.

Dr. Deighton, who is walking from Land's End to John o' Groat's, arrived in Bristol on Saturday evening from Highbridge, Somerset.

He told a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative that owing to the snow and mud the roads in the Cheddar Valley were almost impassable.

In fact, he had never before experienced such a rough time. At Winscombe he had to rest some time to dry himself, as he was drenched to the skin. Dr. Deighton, who was sixty-one on Saturday, says he is pretty confident of completing his task in the time. He was to start for Gloucester at seven this morning.

Representatives of the Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan Churches of Johannesburg have protested against the Free Churches agitation against Chinese labour. They think their efforts should be directed to Christian work among them.

A young German carpenter in the province of Hess was certified to have died from apoplexy, and was laid out for burial, but two days later he suddenly appeared among his terrified relations clad in his winding sheet. He had been in a trance.

NEWS IN LITTLE.

Many Facts in Few Words.

On Saturday a Boer contingent left Pretoria for the St. Louis Exhibition.

Panama has prohibited the immigration of Chinese, Syrians, and Turks.

Hans Dahl, a German engineer, has just patented an automatic speed indicator for motor-cars.

Hereros rebels have again been defeated in South-West Africa. The Germans lost five killed and one wounded.

On Saturday afternoon Miss Kate Bird fell dead from heart failure while playing in a hockey match at Guernsey.

Two thousand persons met at Melbourne yesterday to protest against the employment of Chinese in the Transvaal.

According to the "Echo de Paris," the Shah of Persia has sent 30,000 men to Afghanistan as a measure of precaution.

Mr. T. C. Sumner, for twenty years commercial manager of the "Yorkshire Post," died yesterday at the age of fifty-nine.

A Berkshire lad has a jackdaw so attached to him that it flies after him wherever he goes, even if it is a question of miles.

By a majority of nineteen points the European ladies at Taiping, Straits Settlement, beat the gentlemen in a recent rifle match.

The steamer *Marguerite*, which has been on the Goodwin Sands, was towed into Dover docks early yesterday morning in a sinking condition.

The Board of Education has ordered an inquiry to open at Carmarthen on the failure of the Council to administer the Education Act.

While playing with other boys on board the Clyde training ship *Empress*, at Gareloch, a boy named White lost his balance on the bowsprit and was drowned.

Afflicted with a nervous disorder, and overwrought by the sufferings of her sister, the young wife of a professor at Lemberg, Austria, a woman took a revolver and shot the invalid dead.

The captain and four men of the British schooner *Her Majesty*, wrecked at Cape Roche, have arrived at Cadiz. They managed to keep themselves afloat by swimming until they were picked up.

On March 2 the Cunard liner *Campania*, from New York, reports that she passed, lat. 46.32, long. 32.56, an Atlantic transport liner showing signals "Not under control." A strong gale was blowing.

Summoned for persistent cruelty to his wife, a porter told the Clerkenwell magistrate on Saturday that plaintiff had thrown lamps at him. Asked why, he said, "Oh, it runs in her family, throwing lamps."

At the time of the spring equinox Hindus worship the implements of their trade, and the "Pioneer" describes a scene in which thirty Government clerks knelt down in adoration to an ink-bottle.

At the Metropolitan Asylums Board meeting on Saturday the approval of the Local Government Board was received to the proposal to build a new vessel to replace the training ship *Exmouth* at a cost of £51,250.

Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, visited Liverpool Exchange newsroom and Cotton Exchange on Saturday, and expressed the hope that something would be done as to promoting cotton growing in the Colonies.

Mr. Vincent Corbett, the British Commissioner on the Caisse of the Public Debt, will succeed Sir Eldon Gorst as Financial Adviser to the Khedive on the latter's appointment as Assistant-Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in London.

Working on a telephone pole at Kettering, Edward Payne fell thirty-three feet through the breakage of the belt by which he was attached. He descended on to some iron spikes crowned

SIX-YEAR-OLD ORGANIST.



Mary Ellen Skinner, aged 6, is the latest musical prodigy. The organ is the instrument favoured by this precocious little maid, and she finds playing rather difficult. She has already appeared at a concert in Blackburn.

a wooden gate, and one of the spikes ran through his arm. His condition is precarious.

Conflicting accounts of Admiral Brenaime's position with reference to the recent disclosures of official correspondence to the Press are current in Paris. While some assert he is to be retired, others say the incident is closed.

SURVIVOR



Twenty-eight Japanese Russian warship both

WAS THE KING?

Col. Gouraud Not A Announce Mr. Edis

A *Daily Illustrated Mirror* on Saturday upon Mr. Henry V. European representative, at Clerkenwell-road, to gain some notion relative to Mr. Edison's rôle in the coming May. He is in a state of extreme irritability, and is in the habit of being distressed at the whole affair. Col. Gouraud was, it is true, associated with Mr. Edison. But of late during the time (twelve years) associated with the great inventor, whatever to do with him so far as to address a letter to Mr. Edison's vision. "I don't say that he will not visit this country, but it will be the next two years."

Mr. Edison is very fond of ways treasures the memory of he received when he visited it. But his many new experiments possible for him to leave his w

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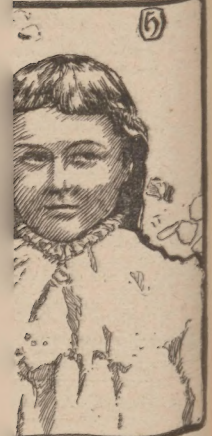
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the Colonial Secretary, visited
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orbert, the British Commissioner
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telephone pole at Kettering,
thirty-three feet through the
belt by which he was attached
to some iron spikes crowning

R-OLD ORGANIST.



er, aged 6, is the latest musical
an is the instrument favoured by
the maid, and she finds pedalling
he has already appeared at a concert
in Blackburn.

id one of the spikes ran through
dition is precarious.
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e to the recent disclosures of
nce to the Press are currently
e assert he is to be retired, others
closed.

SURVIVORS OF SUNK WARSHIPS SAVED BY CHINESE JUNKS.



Twenty-eight Japanese sailors, who have landed in Shan-tung, in China, report that in an engagement to the south of Port Arthur between their vessel and a Russian warship both vessels were sunk. Two hundred of the Japanese were rescued by Chinese junks and reached the Miao-tao Islands and Chinese mainland. No Russians were saved.

WAS THE KING DECEIVED?

Col. Gouraud Not Authorised to
Announce Mr. Edison's Visit.

A Daily Illustrated Mirror representative called on Saturday upon Mr. Henry White, Mr. Edison's European representative, at his office in the Clerkenwell-road, to gain some further information relative to Mr. Edison's reported visit to London in the coming May. He found that gentleman in a state of extreme irritation. "I am most distressed at the whole affair," he said. "Colonel Gouraud was, it is true, associated for many years during his time (twelve years) that I have been associated with the great inventor—he has had nothing whatever to do with him. I much regret that Colonel Gouraud has gone so far as to address a letter to King Edward announcing Mr. Edison's visit. The extremely kind words in praise of Mr. Edison which his Majesty used in his reply are most deeply appreciated by all of us connected with the inventor, but I am afraid he wrote under a misapprehension. I immediately on reading the correspondence I cabled to the laboratory, and received the following reply from Mr. Edison's secretary:—

No one is authorised to state he is coming or to give any date. GILMORE.
"Should Mr. Edison have contemplated a visit to England I should have been the first to hear of it, and to be entrusted with the arrangements. I don't say that he will not at some future date visit this country, but it will not be possible for the next two years.
"Mr. Edison is very fond of England, and always treasures the memory of the kind reception he received when he visited this country before. But his many new experiments make it almost impossible for him to leave his work for so long."

HIGH-PRICED PICTURES.

Townshend Heirlooms Attract a
Crowd to Christie's.

The sale of the Townshend heirlooms attracted a record room-full at Christie's on Saturday, with the result that nearly £30,000 was realised for ninety-eight pictures.

The highest figure reached was 3,150 guineas for Romney's half-length portrait of Georgiana-Anne, Lady John Townshend, an attractive picture, but one which cannot rank with Romney's best work.

Full length life-size portraits of the first Marquis Townshend, his brother, the Hon. Charles Townshend, and his son, the second Marquis, all three by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and very fine examples of his art, were sold for 2,100 guineas, 1,150 guineas, and 2,000 guineas respectively, while three smaller portraits by the same painter, of male members of the Townshend family, fetched 800 guineas, 820 guineas, and 880 guineas. Over £8,000 was thus realised for these six oil portraits by Sir Joshua, and if we add to this sum the 960 guineas brought by the delightful pastel showing a small full-length portrait of a Marchioness of Townshend, also by Sir Joshua, the works of this artist alone will be seen to have realised fully a third of the whole lot of the sale.

A half-length portrait of Robert Adair, by Gainsborough, though not a very favourable example, fetched 2,000 guineas, and a pretty portrait of an unknown lady, by Hoppner, 1,350 guineas.

Artistically, the best picture of the entire collection was Hogarth's portrait of the noted actor, James Quin. Only the head and bust are shown, but the man is positively living, and the technique is such as to prove once more that Hogarth stands supreme among British wielders of the brush. The price paid for this superb portrait was 720 guineas.

A LEGAL LOSS.

Lord Shand Knew More of Scotch
Law Than Any Other Man.

Lord Shand passed away yesterday morning at his residence, 32, Bryanston-square, after three weeks' illness, from pneumonia, aged seventy-five.

After a long and distinguished career at the Bar and on the Bench he in 1890 reached the summit of his legal ambition by being appointed on the judicial committee of the Privy Council.

In 1892 he was made Baron Shand of Woodhouse, Dumfriesshire, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. He was married to a daughter of Mr. J. Clarke Meymott, and leaves no heir. He knew more of Scotch law than any other man, and his North-country origin was always evident in his accent.

Lord Shand was devoted to golf, and played in company with the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker. He became so well known on a certain golf course that a bunker was named after him, chiefly owing to the fact that he was so often to be seen in it.

One amusing non-legal story is connected with Lord Shand. He was a shareholder in the North British Railway and lived so close to the station that the station-master used often to keep the train waiting for him. One day a Scotch "commercial," who knew the influence of the Judge, was approaching the station when he saw the train about to start. He immediately commenced to run, and waving his hat, pointed in the direction of Lord Shand's home. The train was stopped and the panting Scotchman jumped in.

"Where's his Lordship?" queried the excited station-master.

"I ken naething about his Lordship," was the reply, "but I'm a' richt; ye can gang on to Edinburgh the noo as fast as ye like!"

FAVoured RATS.

Make Friends of Dogs and Town
Councillors.

At the monthly meeting of the Braintree Urban Sanitary Authority a whole sheaf of applications from rat-catchers living in all parts of England were produced, praying that they might be professionally engaged to stop the plague. Poison merchants also wrote recommending their wares, but the entire correspondence was ordered to be cast in the fire.

"It is ridiculous," said the chairman of the council to a Press representative, "to suppose that we want people to come here and catch our rats." He is a well-known sportsman and breeder of retriever dogs, and explained that in his kennels he has seen as many as fifteen rats dining out of the same trough as his dogs. The playfulness of the rats was so marked, added the chairman, that when he hung pheasants in his cellar by a long string from the ceiling, so as to stop them being gnawed, the rodents would crawl along the beams and slide down the string to the game. After eating all the flesh off the pheasants' legs the rats would climb back again up the string and make off.

A German firm has sent a large tin of poison to the "Mayor of Braintree," together with a letter, written in German, which no one in the town can read, and an American firm has appointed a local agent for a quick rat-killer, but all offers of help from the outside have been refused.

Prince Prosper von Arenberg, the brutal German Prince who was acquitted on Friday of the capital charge, was conveyed on Saturday to the municipal lunatic asylum at Herzberg.

FEE'S FATE UNDECIDED.

Jury Fail to Agree in Clones
Murder Case—A New Trial
Ordered.

NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE—A HEAVY PREMIUM.



JOHN BULL—"A terribly big bill to meet in these hard times, but I don't see how it could safely be reduced at present."

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Presented at 8.20 by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
TO-MORROW (Tuesday) EVENING, at 9.
Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.
Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE. Miss SARAH BROOKE.
Mr. THOMAS KINGSTON. and
Mr. HERBERT ROSS. Miss GILGEE LANE.
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
By Sydney Grundy.
Presented Nightly, at 8.15, by
A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.
In which Mr. Frank Dyrill and Miss Darrach will appear.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 5153 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
At 8.20 in
OLD HEIDELBERG (216th time).

OLD HEIDELBERG. LAST NIGHTS.
FINAL PERFORMANCE, TUESDAY, MARCH 15.
LAST TWO MATINEES WEDNESDAY NEXT and
SATURDAY, March 12, at 5.15. ST. JAMES'S.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER
begs to announce that he will produce on THURSDAY EVENING, March 17, an English version by Rudolf Heilmann of Otto Reich Hartleben's play, HOSKENMONTAG, entitled
LOVE'S CARNIVAL. ST. JAMES'S.
Seats can now be booked.

PERSONAL.

WANTED to purchase, volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch," for each year from 1891 to 1913 inclusive, and for the Years 1825 and 26, and 1869, 70, and 71.—Address M.
"Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite House, E.C.

LATEST SENSATION!—METAL MOUNTED STACHE TRAINER.—The perfect, instantaneous Metal Mounting Trainer, sample in case (to fit waistcoat pocket), in 1d., post free.—The Perfect Mounting Trainer (Patented), 21, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C. Agents and Travellers wanted.

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45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
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Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co." and made payable to the Manager, Daily Illustrated Mirror.

The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES.

£14,000,000 Worth of Bibles.

It was disappointing that King Edward could not attend yesterday's service at St. Paul's Cathedral, held to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Bible Society. But not one of his Majesty's subjects would for a moment wish him to run any risk, and certainly the weather was not such as either to tempt out or do any good to a sufferer from a chill. The Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales were present to show that the Royal Family take an interest in the society's work, and no doubt the King will find some other opportunity to prove that he personally regards it as useful and worthy to be continued.

At the same time, we do not imagine that either his Majesty or the mass of his subjects take quite the view of the distribution of Bibles in our own and foreign countries which was taken by the society's most enthusiastic supporters during the first seventy or eighty years of its existence. To a good many people to-day it may seem, indeed, that the fourteen millions spent by the society have scarcely had the effect anticipated. The old idea that if you only issued enough Bibles you would be certain to reap a rich harvest of all the Christian virtues has received too many hard knocks to have much vitality left in it.

Properly used, the Bible cannot fail to have a good influence. But it is quite possible to use it in such a way as to make it merely a promoter of narrow-minded bigotry and ignorant superstition. Furthermore, it is useless to expect Christian virtues from people who are not given the chance to live like human beings. If the fourteen millions do not seem to have had much effect, so far

as this country is concerned, the reason must be sought in the squalid and degrading conditions under which our social system condemns so many of our people to live.

By all means let the society continue to distribute the Bible wherever there is need of its teaching. But let us remember also that the best way to induce those whom, in our lofty, intolerant way, we call "the heathen," to follow the precepts of the New Testament is to set them the example ourselves. When we know that men and women and little children in England go hungry all their lives, and even die for want of sufficient food, it is hard not to feel some impatience at the enormous sums spent every year on converting the well-nourished "nigger." One may also, perhaps, be allowed to express mild surprise that such a society as this should have so far forgotten Biblical teaching as to run into debt to the extent of £60,000. There seems some inconsistency here.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

"I suppose it is all in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,'" said Mr. Justice Darling, when a witness refused to tell him how Masons knew each other. Counsel, however, denied that this was so, so that it looks, after all, as if we should not escape without an appendix.

A man has been charged at Bow-street with cutting the hair off the tails of horses and damaging the animals to the extent of £45. In a case of this kind it is held that the end does not justify the means.

Offers from distinguished rat-catchers from all parts of the country to cure the plague at Braintree have been received by the Town Council. The Council, however, remembering the trouble over a similar contract which led to such regrettable incidents at Hamelin, decided not to entertain the proposal. The residents are, therefore, to be allowed to catch their own rats as occasion offers.

"Mind," said the careful mother, as she provided youth and innocence with a lead pencil, "that you don't scribble on the walls." "Oh, no, mummy," replied the child, in a shocked voice that spoke of previous experience, "it breaks the point."

In an Army Order just published, it is laid down that on board homeward-bound transports, at the discretion of the commanding

officer, a two-penny ration of a pint of British brewed ale may be issued to those who desire it, with an alternative half-penny ration of half a pint of chocolate. It is evidently taken for granted that no man with a pint thirst would dream of wasting it on chocolate.

Eight dental surgeons are authorised for duty with the troops in the United Kingdom. The British Lion can now show his teeth without fear of invidious remarks.

General Egerton has informed the Mullah that only his death or capture will put an end to the operations against him. The Mullah is said to be likely to choose death—preferably from old age.

A telegram to the "Eclair" states that there are no fresh acts of war, and adds "this period of rest may be prolonged." They seem to be trying the Weir-Mitchell cure for broken-down negotiations.

The wife of Dr. Koscisko Thimp, a well-known American motorist, is suing for a divorce because that gentleman objects to her being as fast as he is. He only lets her drive a 10-h.p. motor, while he steers a 40-h.p. car, thus "holding her up to the contempt and ridicule of her friends."

Wretch, though oftentimes upbraided,
You ignored the anguish keen
Of a wife who was degraded
To a 10-h.p. machine.
For your racer she was yearning,
She despised the wretched shrimp;
But you met her prayers with spurning,
Dr. Koscisko Thimp!

Thus, base tyrant, did you make her
Wish she never had been born;
Each acquaintance did forsake her,
Even friends laughed loud in scorn;
In the long night watches often
Did you hear her accents imp-
Loring you your heart to soften,
Dr. Koscisko Thimp!

But an awful vengeance seeking,
Nemesis behind you crawls;
Freedom won't do any shrieking
When this Koscisko falls.
When some day your comrades sadly
Homeward bear you, crushed and limp,
She shall drive that racer madly,
Dr. Koscisko Thimp!

It is stated that "during its century's existence the British and Foreign Bible Society has circulated 185,000,000 Bibles, a number sufficient to make a pathway of Bibles on which three men could walk abreast all the way from Charing Cross to the Vatican gates." It should be added, however, that the Bibles were not used for the purpose of paving a path to Rome.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"



The Princess of Wales has presented a new bicycle to John Jurbox, the Clerkenwell youth who recently collided with her carriage while cycling in Pall Mall. As his clothes were badly torn in the accident she has also given him a new pair of trousers.



In Japan and Korea rice is the chief article of diet and is sown while the fields are submerged. The ploughing of the black mud under its covering of flood water is one of the most singular sights in Japanese agriculture.



In the annual hockey match between the North and South at Surbiton on Saturday, the Southerners won by 6 goals to 3. The photograph shows the South pressing during the second half of the game.

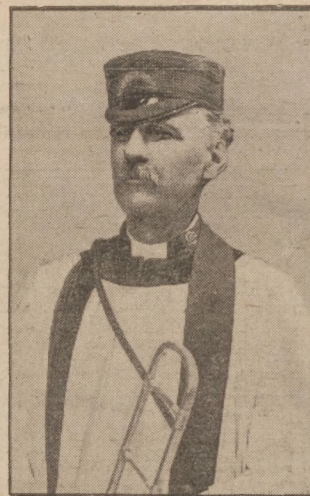


The Lent boat races at Cambridge were rowed on the last four days of last week. Our special picture shows the boats nearing the winning post on Saturday afternoon. The boats are being cheered by their supporters running on the tow-path.



ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT H. MORE-MOLYNEUX has died at Cairo. He entered the Navy in 1852, and saw service in the Crimea, at Alexandria, and at Suakim. (Elliott & Fry, Photo)

FOOTBALL MATCH AS TEXT.



The Rev. Wilson Carlile, vicar of St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, E.C., preached a sermon last evening on the football match between Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday. He is not afraid of unconventionality in his services, and plays the trombone in the orchestra of the church.

TOTTEN



In order to secure our special photo



At the commencement of the Wednesday game



The match between Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday ended in a draw.

DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES PER DAY.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY ON SATURDAY—SPECIAL "MIRROR" PHOTOGRAPHS.



H. MORE-MOLYNEUX
erred the Navy in 1852,
Crimea, at Alexandria,
akim. (Elliot & Fry.)

CH AS TEXT.



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e tow-path.



In order to secure for our readers this unique series of photographs of the actual play in the great match between Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday on Saturday our special photographic reporters were stationed all round the field of play. The 'Spurs scored in the first half and Sheffield Wednesday in the second half. Sheffield are here pressing just before they equalised the score.

'SPURS TAKE A FREE KICK FOR A FOUL.



At the commencement of the game the Sheffield forwards made a determined attack on the 'Spurs' goal; but the play soon changed ends, the 'Spurs scored, and the Wednesday goal was bombarded until the end of the first half. In the second half Sheffield equalised, and the game settled down in the open until the close of play.

THE 'SPURS' TEAM.



The match between Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday on Saturday ended in a draw. The game will be replayed at Sheffield on Wednesday.

TRICKY WORK BY THE 'SPURS.



This unique picture of the play during the great game on Saturday shows some tricky passing with the heel by the 'Spurs.

AT A MAN'S MERCY. By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

CHAPTER XI. Tempted beyond Strength.

Matty Chatfield, the nurse, was just emerging from the suite of large and delightful rooms sacred to the young life of John Erasmus Woodruffe, holding the gentleman in question in her arms, when she came face to face with the child's mother.

Pauline was coming swiftly along the corridor, a beautiful, queenly figure, in magnificent robes and a gown of the soft white cloth she affected, a material so pliable that all the voluminous folds could not mask the beauty of her figure.

The nurse, as is the manner of nurses, directed the attention of unconscious innocence to the approach of his mother, making those strange clucking sounds which are supposed to be peculiarly adapted to the dawning intelligence; but Pauline, usually the most infatuated of mothers, brushed past her with a muttered expression full of petulant impatience. The nurse, looking after her for one moment of pained astonishment, turned back into the nurseries distinctly affronted.

Matty Chatfield had been nurse to Pauline and maid to Pauline's mother before her, and the child she held in her arms was inexpressibly dear to her. All the garnered up love of her own starved maternal nature was lavished upon her. Therefore, Pauline's sudden inattention to the king of the household was at once inexplicable and unforgivable.

She sat down by the fire and mused upon it, comforting the child with sweet, irresponsible mutterings.

As for Pauline, she was not conscious that she had seen or spoken to anyone. She swept on to her room with the one phrase ringing in her ears; the phrase that the feet of the horse, the jingle of the harness bells, had beaten out all through that wretched journey home from the police-court in King's Cross-road.

"What of your sister Cynthia, eh?" She turned the key in her bedroom door with a sense of the most exquisite relief. She had longed intensely to be alone; all through the long drive it seemed to her that if she could for one moment shut her eyes to the world, say her throbbing, aching head down, she might think, form some coherent sequence of ideas which would drown the insistence of that beaten-out chorus.

She tore off the rich furs that had drawn from Miles Farmiloe those words of mocking compliment, flinging them here and there from her, then pouring out some cold water she added an essence from a silver flask on the dressing-table and bathed her face feverishly, rubbing her lips with a frantic zeal.

He had kissed her! That had been the end of the scene; kissed her, knowing that she dare not scream out, offer loud resistance. The thought was a hideous addition to the catacomb of memory where was being buried, day by day, hour after hour, some horrible thing.

The remembrance of a prayer flashed across her as she rubbed at her desecrated lips; a prayer she had prayed in the days when John Woodruffe had first come wooing her, when between her and the happiness he offered had risen up the spectre of the past. "God give me grace to cleanse my memory." The prayer had appealed to her with a strange force, written as it had been by the Saint of God in his agony while the scourge of memory was being plied by a malignant devil.

She flung herself face downwards on a cushioned lounge and tried to think, her hands tightly clasped over her aching eyes.

What did Miles Farmiloe know? What underlay that horrible sentence? She had tried to wring more from him—had begged and prayed—threatened and expostulated—passing in those few moments in that grim room through all the tortments of a trapped soul.

But he would say no more; he had merely smiled at her—his hateful, evilly beautiful smile, content now that he had dropped poison into her heart, to wait its working. He was an adept player on that most delicate instrument—a woman's heart.

Cynthia, poor little Cynthia! That love should have come to her in so cruelly deceptive a guise, a very wolf dressed in the clothing of the sheep—

herd god! So the poison began to work! To pity Cynthia were by implication to accuse her lover.

Pauline sat up and stared into the fire; it burned with true-hearted brightness that shamed her. She had read so many happy ambitious pictures in it for the sister she loved, and now—there was no blinding herself to the fact—she was coquetting with a thought which, if pursued to its legitimate end, would mean the irreparable wreck of Cynthia's happiness.

Arthur Stanton had been present at the house in Berkeley-square on the night of the murder. Miles Farmiloe evidently knew it but was afraid to speak. She knew it, and if she spoke—hinted, however, anonymously, at her knowledge, with one blow she had struck off the shackles of the past and killed Cynthia's heart.

She picked nervously at the laces at her throat with self-accusing fingers, and justified the dishonour of her thoughts nervously to herself.

Of course, she could never speak, that was impossible. The remembrance of Cynthia's confidence had been merely swept across her mind by the whirlwind of fear. To speak, to hint—even to think of Arthur Stanton and the secret Cynthia had told her to play Judas to the girl who trusted her—who stood in so close and dear a relation to her—more than sister, half-child by virtue of her motherless girlhood. Cynthia, who would have given all she had in the world to save her from a moment's pain, who had never hidden a thought of her brave, pure, fearless mind from her. She started to her feet with a little choking cry. Let the man in prison do his worst; she would not be disloyal to Cynthia, even in thought.

She wheeled round in a tempest of pain and thought, only to meet the grave, pictured eyes of John Woodruffe from the table over against the bed. The sight caught her up like the light, brutally quick curb of an angry driver. She quivered, roused to a sudden, more intense knowledge of the quandary in which she found herself—of what she stood to lose, love and honour, her child—the name which was so dear to her. All that wonderful, indescribable atmosphere of beauty and delight which the word home signifies to a happy woman.

She flung out her hands before her as one who throws up the sponge at the command of Fate.

God, or the devil, help her—she could not give God, or man, she loved. She paced up and down the luxurious room. It was not only luxurious, possessing all the comfort that money can buy, but it was full of beauty, the elegance of form and arrangement which comes from artistic, individual thought. People who knew said there was no more beautiful house in London.

Her thoughts were working swiftly now, rushing over her like a great black cater. The little rocks of resistance, the bed of her conscience over which it flowed, added only to its roar and swirl.

What of your sister, Cynthia, eh? and what of Cynthia's lover? Over and over again the same thought, weaving itself into the rhythm of the clock, the quick from of her gown as she pursued her impatient walk, beating itself out in the swift throbbing of her blood.

The way out of her coil of trouble stared her in the face—it would be so easy to cast suspicion on Arthur, cast it in such a way that Cynthia would be bound to give evidence. Besides, was there any harm at all?

She flung herself down on the couch and wept bitterly; the tears drenched her cheeks and hands with a hot rain and had nothing of relief in them.

"If there were any other way," she moaned, her face in the cushions, her hands picking convulsively at the thick covering of the couch. "Any other way; oh, Cynthia, Cynthia!"

The tears ceased, the sobbing died. Self-love, in strong, the desire for self-preservation inherent.

At last she rose and went over to the glass, pushing back the heavy masses of her hair from her cold, tear-stained face.

"If I were old, or ugly," she said to herself half-jerely, "it would be different—quite different—quite easy." Yet—Cynthia—

Those who would weave robes of sand must have the devil for master—there was but the one hope for the future. She crushed down all remorse, all sense of protesting honour, with a rallying cry of "My child—my husband," and turned back from the glass.

It is inevitable since the beginning of time that the lesser must suffer for the greater good. Arthur Stanton—Cynthia's heart, these were the sacrifice which her position demanded.

The flood of thought rolled on, and the black imp which sat on her shoulder laughed gleefully. "Tie up the night in the hall at Berkeley-square, when Pauline had yielded to her desire for the emerald, he had clipped the seal on the secret fountain of evil in her heart."

Now the river of sin was in spate.

CHAPTER XII. The Kiss of Judas.

Pauline waved the great fan of peacock's feathers mechanically to and fro; the stones in the rings on her white hands caught the fire and held it, a twinkling, many-coloured, restless prisoner.

Her heart was beating with a rapid, fluttering, pulsation; three or four times she had opened her lips to speak, and her tongue had refused to utter the words her brain dictated. Almost with an effort she withdrew her eyes from the slightly hypnotic movement of her fan, and glanced across at Cynthia. The girl lay back in a deep chair, her eyes closed, a smile on her lips, the fairness of her face and gleaming shoulders shining up against the glow of the cushions like the profile of an angel in a fresco by Fra Angelico. Pauline, fearing the origin of that smile, felt a fierce pain grip her heart where fear, remorse, and distress waged deadly battle.

This was the first opportunity for a moment's private talk with Cynthia she had had since her return from the interview with Farmiloe in the morning. Cynthia had been out; John, on the eve of a few days' absence from London, had claimed all her time.

All the long, dragging hours she had been in a frenzy of impatience. "That thou doest, do quickly." Since the beginning of time to the days of Judas, from then till now, the blackest, most successful acts of treachery, those which come to maturity in the hour of their birth.

Now they were alone. John gone, their father at his club; yet, up to now, love and remorse had held her in check. But Cynthia's smile maddened her—made her afraid, she hardly knew of what. Did it mean that Arthur Stanton had cleared himself—self that it would be impossible to implicate him?

She let the fan fall to the floor, and clasped her jewelled hands together with a passionate gesture. "Cynthia!"

The girl started violently. She looked across at Pauline with eyes clouded with thought, the eyes of a child who had wakened sudden from a sleep in which he had been sleeping in fairy gardens. Then a wave of remorse swept over her; happy in her renewed confidence in her lover, she had forgotten Pauline and the danger which menaced her. Acute distress succeeded dreamy fancy in her sapphire eyes.

"Pauline, dearest," she began, and stopped abruptly for a moment, as if she had slipped from her chair and was on the floor at her side, her arms clasping her knees. The freighted caressed them impartially, touching Cynthia's brown head with Midas fingers, playing with a lover-like tenderness on Pauline's beautiful up-turned face.

"Little Cynthia," she said, almost brokenly. "I don't wish to force your confidence. I would not, believe me, sweetheart, but this is different; I must know, I have a reason—it is absolutely necessary that I ask you this. What explanation did Arthur give you of—of his presence in Uncle's room?"

Cynthia hesitated in the momentary silence which followed; the air seemed tense with Pauline's questioning expectancy.

"Arthur gave me all the explanation I desired," she said slowly.

"You needed none," cried Pauline sharply. "But tell me this, dear. Was it an explanation which would satisfy the police—a man of the world?"

The girl's colour faded. "What have the police or the world to do with the matter?" she asked defiantly, but there was a catch in her breath.

Pauline's clasp round her tightened. "The world has only too much to do with it," she said slowly. "Cynthia, it's awful, but it has to be faced; Arthur's presence in the house on the night of Uncle's murder is known."

"Known—to whom?" Cynthia wringed herself free of Pauline's encircling arms, and started to her feet. What do you mean? How could anyone know—only you and I—? She stopped abruptly to cast a look almost of suspicion at Pauline, still kneeling by the chair from which she had started.

"Cynthia, do you think that I—?" "No, no." There was swift compunction in Cynthia's manner; she laid eager hands on Pauline's shoulders. "Tell me, Pauline," she asked quickly, "what do they know, and what does it mean?"

"It means that unless Arthur can give a satisfactory account of his presence in that house on such an occasion"—her voice almost failed her; she mastered it with an effort—"that he will in all probability change places with—Miles Farmiloe."

"With Miles Farmiloe?" "Yes, listen; come here, darling. To-day Miles sent for me. I went secretly this morning and saw him at the station where he was charged. He told me—dear God, he told me many hideous things. That if he went under he could drag the whole family with him in his fall; but he boasted—did not expect to go under—he had his defence. Cynthia, can you tell me what that defence is?"

The girl turned dilated and startled eyes upon her; her lips hardly formed the name that sprang to them.

Pauline wound her hands fervently together. "He saw Arthur there that night—his solicitors will not get heaven and earth to find him—and—unless we help him, and his name, Cynthia, he—described Arthur exactly to me, asked me could I guess anyone of that description likely to be there."

"Oh!" cried Cynthia, with sharp pain and fear. "What are we to do?"

Pauline turned away from her with a passionate gesture of despair, her hands at her throat, her face drawn and tense with the strain upon her.

"God help me," she cried brokenly, "Arthur can clear himself—can tell the police what he told you—but I am lost!"

Her eyes fixed on Cynthia's face with a feverish anxiety, noted the girl's sudden pallor, and read hope.

"Arthur can clear himself, I hope, dear one," she murmured.

Cynthia did not speak, and there was such distress in her eyes that Pauline put out involuntary sisterly, succouring hands towards her, forgetting for a moment the black treachery in her heart.

"Tell me, Cynthia," she entreated, using an endearing name almost forgotten since their childish days. But Cynthia turned away and shook off her detaining hands; in that moment hope and right fled worsted from the field.

Pauline steeled her heart, remembering the great stake for which she played. She caught at Cynthia's shoulder.

"This is no time to mince matters," she said, sternly. "Did he give a satisfactory account of himself?"

Silence.

"Did he deny that he was there?" She repeated the question twice before Cynthia's reluctant "No" forced itself through white lips.

Pauline turned away. Her expression, her attitude, spoke the embarrassment of one who, longing to comfort, finds no possible words to say.

Cynthia recovered herself with an effort.

"Of course, he can clear himself—only—only it's dreadful—I hardly know what to think to do."

Almost before she knew what she was doing she had blurted out the whole story of that scene in Hyde Park, her lover's strange request.

Pauline listened with greedy ears; her strong, firm hands held Cynthia's with a magnetic clasp.

"Don't be afraid, child," she said, at last.

"Arthur will clear himself. But he must be warned—forewarned is forearmed, you know," she added, with a pathetic smile that wrung Cynthia's heart. "Write to him now and ask him to come here to-morrow." She glanced at the tiny clock on the mantelpiece. "You have just time to catch the one o'clock post. Write, dear. I'll slip on a cloak and go to the post myself."

Cynthia demurred; her nerves were fluttering; she was like a woman in a dream.

"I would like to go," Pauline told her. "my head aches—the case will refresh me, and no one will be any the wiser."

"What shall I say?" Cynthia asked, from the writing-table.

Pauline hesitated. "Say you wish to see him to-morrow—at eleven. Surely I need not tell you what to say, sweetheart?"

She brushed the girl's hair with her lips and slipped upstairs. Once in her room she unlocked her jewel-case and glanced at the emerald which now lay in its secret drawer.

She touched it with lingering fingers, half-fearfully as one touches a talisman of which one is afraid. Upon that stone, so beautiful, so strangely suggestive of evil, rested all her future. It was the foundation on which the whole plot of which she had woven the first black threads that night rested.

She shut the box with a snap, and stifled a sigh. It was the only way—dear God, a bitter, stark, wicked way, but—the pause comprised her whole system of fatalism.

She believed that God in His Heaven would step down and save her from the sin she had meditated.

Cynthia met her at the boudoir door. "You really wish to go? I can slip out so easily," she said.

Pauline took her hand and the note it held and pressed it.

"I would rather go—pray God it is for the best," she said, and went quickly down the stairs.

Park-lane was almost deserted; a strong wind swept across the park and caught the folds of her heavy cloak; the letter fluttered from her hand to the pavement, and fled and tumbled on a few paces before her, till a suddenly jutting out curb caught and held it safely. She pounced on it with a sickening sensation of relief, yet before the pillar-box she paused, fingered the envelope, then, with a desperate resolve, dropped it in. The box had been cleared; the note fell with a hollow thud to its very floor.

The noise, which made the woman shudder of earth on coffin, made the woman shudder violently. The pillar-box was a grave, and the earth was indeed falling on a coffin, the coffin wherein her honour and Cynthia's happiness were buried in horrid proximity.

To be continued to-morrow.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.

It is now within reach of Every Woman to Save the Drunkard—A Free Trial Package of a Marvellous Home Remedy Posted to All Who Write for it.

Can be given in Tea, Coffee, or Food, thus absolutely and Secretly Curing the Patient in a Short Time without his knowledge.

There is a cure for drunkenness which has shed a radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate families. It does not so silently and surely take its victim, wife, sister, or daughter looks on the drunkard is reclaimed—on against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. The Company who have this grand remedy will send a sample free to all who will write for it. Enough of this remedy is placed in this way to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food, and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently.



A lady residing in Manchester sent the remedy as described above, and her conversion told us that she was quite likely to interest all women deeply. Mrs. J. L. says, "I used to be a drunkard's wife, and my knowledge, and completely cured him. He was a hard drinker, a good man when sober, but five years I lived in fear and dread, shame and despair, poverty and loss of all that I tell other women about. It is not a wonderful thing that a woman can take matters into her own hands and stamp out this dreadful curse to the home? I am glad and am going to put her experience, for then I know it will reach hundreds of other poor souls, and they will cure their husbands just as I cured mine. I am so grateful for the marvellous change. C. L. has been into my life that I just feel I would do anything to let every wife and mother know what this blessing Antidote is. I believe it will cure any drunkard, no matter how far down he may have fallen. Antidote is a cure." (Full address and to send application.) Hundreds of others are reported, even the worst cases, where the habit seems to have blotted out the last remaining spark of self-respect. Tears and prayers are of no use. Pleading, pleading, in any of social or domestic position are unwilling to stem the tide of absolute depravity. This famous remedy has reunited thousands of scattered families, it has saved thousands of men to social and business prominence and public respect; has grided under a wrong man (into the right man) and has saved the father, the brother, the son, and in many cases the wife and daughter too. Such a golden rule to the home should be known to every one. Upon application to the West Coast, Co., Ltd., 127, Cannon Road, London, Street, London, W. they will post a free trial package of the remedy to you, sealed in a plain wrapper, and will direct you how to use it, how to give it, from family who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from the ruin of drunkenness, poverty and disgrace. Send for a free trial to-day. It will brighten the rest of your life.

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FROM MECHANIC TO MILLIONAIRE—A SHEFFIELD ROMANCE.



The two inventors of the system of silver-plating aluminium discussing a detail in their secret process.

Two Yorkshire Lads Solve a Problem That Has Puzzled Scientists for Years.

Two Sheffield working men have made a discovery that will revolutionise one of the great industries of the world. But a few weeks ago they were toiling for a humble weekly wage. Now they have established a small factory of their own and are manufacturing the new type of goods their discovery enables them to produce. In years to come, if appearances are to be trusted, they will be leaders of a huge trade, men to be numbered among our merchant princes, and the history of their labours will be ranked among the romances of commerce.

German Silver.

During the last fifteen years, ever since aluminium has been produced so cheaply that it could be widely used, men have been striving to find some way of electro-plating it. Most of the electro-plated articles in daily use are made of German silver, which is a compound of copper, zinc, and nickel. Aluminium being cheaper, lighter, and stronger, would have speedily displaced this metal if it could have been electro-plated. Thousands of pounds have been spent and hundreds of experts have for years been at work on the problem, but until recently no solution had been found. The plating either altogether refused to adhere to aluminium or peeled off almost as quickly as it was deposited.

Now, after years of toil and failure, William Creswick and Herbert Shaw, two Sheffield workmen, have succeeded where so many others have failed, and founded a new trade. Knife and fork handles, trays, teapots, cruets, jugs, and a thousand

other such articles will now be made of aluminium instead of German silver.

The co-inventors are both typical Yorkshiremen, speaking the rugged dialect of the north. Keen, hard-headed, and dogged, they are worthy specimens of the type that has done so much to make England what she is, fine examples of the blades that "oom fra' Sheffield."

"Aye, it has been a pretty long job—and expensive," said Creswick, leaning over the vat in which a bundle of aluminium articles was being plated; "we've been at it nearly every night for over three years, and spent every penny we could spare on the chemicals for our experiments, which cost us a lot of money."

Herbert and me was workmen together at J. Dixon and Sons', one of the biggest firms in our line up here. We started experimenting to-

gether with the idea of finding a better solder for aluminium—you know the present solders don't hold it as well as they might. Well, we found an improved solder and then we started to try and electro-plate it.

"We had fixed up our attics as workshops, and night after night we worked away. We made our electric batteries out of old pickle jars or anything that came handy, and did everything as cheaply as we could; for the chemicals cost us every penny we could spare. It was a terrible time some nights. My wife found some nasty things to say about it, for sometimes, though we kept the door shut, the mixtures made fearful stinks that went all over the house. One night, I remember in particular, we fairly made the house unbearable—no one could get to sleep for hours."

"But we succeeded at last, and now you see we



One of the inventors of the secret process of silver-plating aluminium superintending the finishing touches in the workshop.



One of the work-girls is about to dip an aluminium coffee-pot in the solution, the secret of which is known only to the discoverers.

have got a little factory of our own and fourteen workpeople, and the business is beginning to go ahead. We have already had inquiries and offers from all parts. Firms want to travel for us, and work the patent for us in all countries. The Germans are very lively—we have had more than one inquiry from them."

The two friends have striven loyally together for success, and neither will have it that he has done more than the other. Both belong to families that have been in the trade for generations, and both have been at work in it from boyhood. Creswick's grandfather was a silversmith and founder of the firm of Creswick and Pabell; his father is also a silversmith, and one of the most esteemed workmen employed by J. Dixon and Sons.

Shaw's record is nearly the same. His grandfather and father were also in the same trade, and he started at it as a boy. Creswick has the greater knowledge of chemistry, and is proof of the value of our technical schools. When a boy he was allowed nine hours a week away from the workshop, which time he spent studying at Firth's College, and later he attended the technical school in the evening. Shaw has more practical knowledge of the business, and is expert at "making up." Both are still young—just entering on the thirties.

Witcher's Cauldron.

These English workmen have solved a problem that has baffled English, German, and American experts for years. To plate German silver it is first necessary to heat it in caustic potash, then to put it through a solution of nitric, hydrochloric and sulphuric acids, and finally to dip it in a "quicking solution" of mercuric nitrate and potassium cyanide, from which the non-expert may gather some idea of the difficulty of the task these men set themselves to solve in the few hours they could spare after their daily task was done.

Apart from the great saving effected by their invention, Shaw gave a convincing demonstration of the superiority of the aluminium article. He took a knife the handle of which was made of German silver, fluted and plated, and with it struck the wooden bench in front of him. The knife handle promptly bent. An aluminium knife handle, half the weight and little more than half the cost, was similarly treated. The only visible effect was left on the bench, which from the force of the blow took the imprint of the sharp fluting as though it had been putty.

Previous Drawbacks.

"Aluminium is not a hard metal," he said, "but it makes a good 'body,' and while the plating lasts it is practically indestructible. Apart from its softness it was not much use for such articles before it could be plated, as soda dissolves it, and it turns black when exposed to moisture. We have made, by the way, another little discovery while working towards this plating. The softness of the metal has hitherto made it difficult to engrave complicated patterns on it. We have found a way of cutting it more cleanly and preventing it 'dragging' after the engraving tool. Look at this waiter. Did you ever see cleaner cutting?"

And with pardonable pride he showed a waiter covered with a complicated engraving. The metal being, with the aid of this minor discovery, easier to carve than German silver, that article and many more like it can now be produced at little more than half the cost of similar German productions.



Some beautiful examples of silver plated aluminium produced by the newly-invented process. The delicate chasing is done by a special method, also the work of the same inventors.

A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.



A spring suit for a little girl made of pastel blueserge.



Millinery design for a damsel of fifteen, carried out in pink chip trimmed with roses.



This is the style of frock and the new cottage bonnet in which the summer child will disport herself.

TO BE OPENED TO-DAY.

A NEW RESTAURANT FOR THE BUSINESS GIRL.

The directors of the Women's Dining Room Company, Limited, will open their first restaurant at 3, Barrett-street, Duke-street, Manchester-square, London, W., to-day.

The promoters of this company, convinced that it is at present almost impossible for working women to obtain near their work wholesome food at really cheap prices, are making an attempt on strictly business lines to overcome this difficulty.

At the rooms in a new building, small tables seating about six people, and daintily-covered with white American cloth, tempting crockery, prompt service, choice cookery, comfort, and civility; hot water for the toilet, and a rest room well stocked with newspapers and magazines—these are some of

CHILDREN'S ATTIRE.

Babies may be born old, as Miss Marie Corelli says, but, at any rate, they look charmingly young in their long lawn and lace robes, to which the newly-fashionable quiltings, though they are also used for adults, lend themselves with great amiability as an adornment. They also look charming upon the caps and bonnets the small creatures wear, amongst which there are some



Neck wear in two linens, blue edged with white.

decided novelties, though these are not for infants who measure their lives by weeks.

The new crocheted straw is being used for the cottage bonnets of little girls of about three or four years of age; it is a rough weave and very light both in weight and effect. A bright gold bonnet has been seen charmingly trimmed with rosettes of apple blossom, one posed over each ear after the Geisha pattern.

There is never anything very new for quite tiny babies whose robes are made upon conventional patterns, but it is noticeable that at this moment short bodices are given to the most beautiful robes instead of the usual small yokes from which the long skirt depends. Bodices, too, are the portion of the child who toils about, whether it be a girl or a boy; and, as if to point the contrast between



A hat of fancy ivory coloured straw trimmed with green wings and a rosette.

them and what has gone before, they are made excessively long, so that the skirt looks out of all proportion short in comparison. Where the bodice and skirt meet a broad sash or a belt is worn, often threaded through bands of embroidery or lace.

The picture at the top of this page shows on the left hand side a pretty little pastel blue spring costume for a child of seven, made with a moujik coat, decorated at the edges with cream cloth overlaid with blue braid. The Tam O'Shanter matches the costume. In the centre a lovely piece of millinery for an older girl—one, say, of fifteen

OFFERED THIS WEEK.

7/11/104.
The SHAW & CO., Handkerchief, Tailor & Love Lane, London. R. HODGSON & SONS, 111, Old Street, London. will send Ladies Beautiful Tailor-made Gowns, Serge Costumes, Skirts, in Black or Navy, richly trimmed with Ribbons, Strappings, also Lunette Pocket, for the small sum of 2s. 6d., postage 3d. extra, and we shall include with each Skirt a massive 18ct. gold-pattern curb bracelet with heart pendant, mounted with pearls and turquoise and scented forget-me-nots, cased in pure gold. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Linens, Silks, &c., post free. Address: F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. D.L.R.), Manufacturers and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

W. J. Harris & Co. Ltd.

Manufacturers of Baby Carriages and Bath Chairs. New Designs for 1904 post free. Supplied on EASY TERMS from 5s. per month, enjoying use of same while it is being paid. Child Office, 51, Ryelane, Peckham, London & Brighton.

CHILBLAINS.

ICILMA NATURAL WATER is the only safe remedy that absolutely prevents and immediately cures chaps and chilblains. Price 6d. 1s. Send 2d. stamps for two samples (different scents) of ICILMA FLUOR CREAM, perfect for cold winds. ICILMA CO. (Dept. D), 112, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

That the King was able to give a dinner party on Saturday night is a sure sign that his illness is not in any degree serious. Nevertheless, all his Majesty's private engagements have been cancelled for the present. He was to have dined out to-night, as well as last night, but for a day or two he will not go out at all in the evening.

The Queen and Princess Victoria were present at the premiere at Daly's Theatre on Saturday night. It is very seldom that royal personages attend a first night; and on such occasions, in fact, whenever royalty goes to the theatre, the management is only informed a very short time beforehand.

A telephone message is sent from Buckingham Palace to a certain theatrical agency saying a royal box will be required for that evening, and even if at the theatre should the royal box be already let for the evening it has to be given up and other seats in the house occupied instead.

Great disappointment was caused not very long ago when a coming-of-age party arrived at a theatre to be told that the Duke of Connaught had commandeered their box, and would they content themselves with stalls instead? They had to, and spent the evening in isolated dignity.

Amateur Art.

There was a great gathering of people at Moncorvo House, in Ennismore-gardens, on Saturday, when the Duchess of Albany went to open the Amateur Art Exhibition.

The exhibition was instituted some years ago now, if I remember rightly, by Princess Frederica of Hanover, who, one day visiting a friend, was by her shown some beautiful work done by several girls, and the idea struck the Princess that if a society could be formed, and such work shown, it would result in a great deal of mutual benefit.

Many and distinguished have been and are the exhibitors at the Amateur Art Show. Princess Christian and her daughters send work, and the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Wenlock, Lady Northbrook, and Lady Victoria Manners are represented this year by lovely water-colour sketches.

More than ordinarily clever with her brush and pencil is Lady Granby, the future Duchess of

Rutland. A prominent personage among that section of society called the "Souds," she is always a most picturesque figure wherever she goes, and affects charming old-world colours and dainty draperies.

Lady Granby possesses a happy knack of catching a likeness; her pencil sketches have been exhibited at the Academy, and many of them now adorn the rooms of her friends. Very few people, too, are aware of the fact that Lady Granby is a designer of no little merit. Many of the most beautiful and graceful jewels to be found in one of the largest jewellers in London emanated from her clever fingers.

Town Houses.

Mr. and Lady Aline Beaumont have taken 17, Upper Grosvenor-street, the residence of the late Mary Lady Galloway, for the season.

Lord and Lady Beauchamp, who have taken a house in Bryanston-square, are doing a good deal of entertaining just now.

Lady Ranfurly is expected to arrive this week at 41, Wilton-crescent, where she will do a good deal of entertaining this summer for her debutante daughter, Lady Constance Knox.

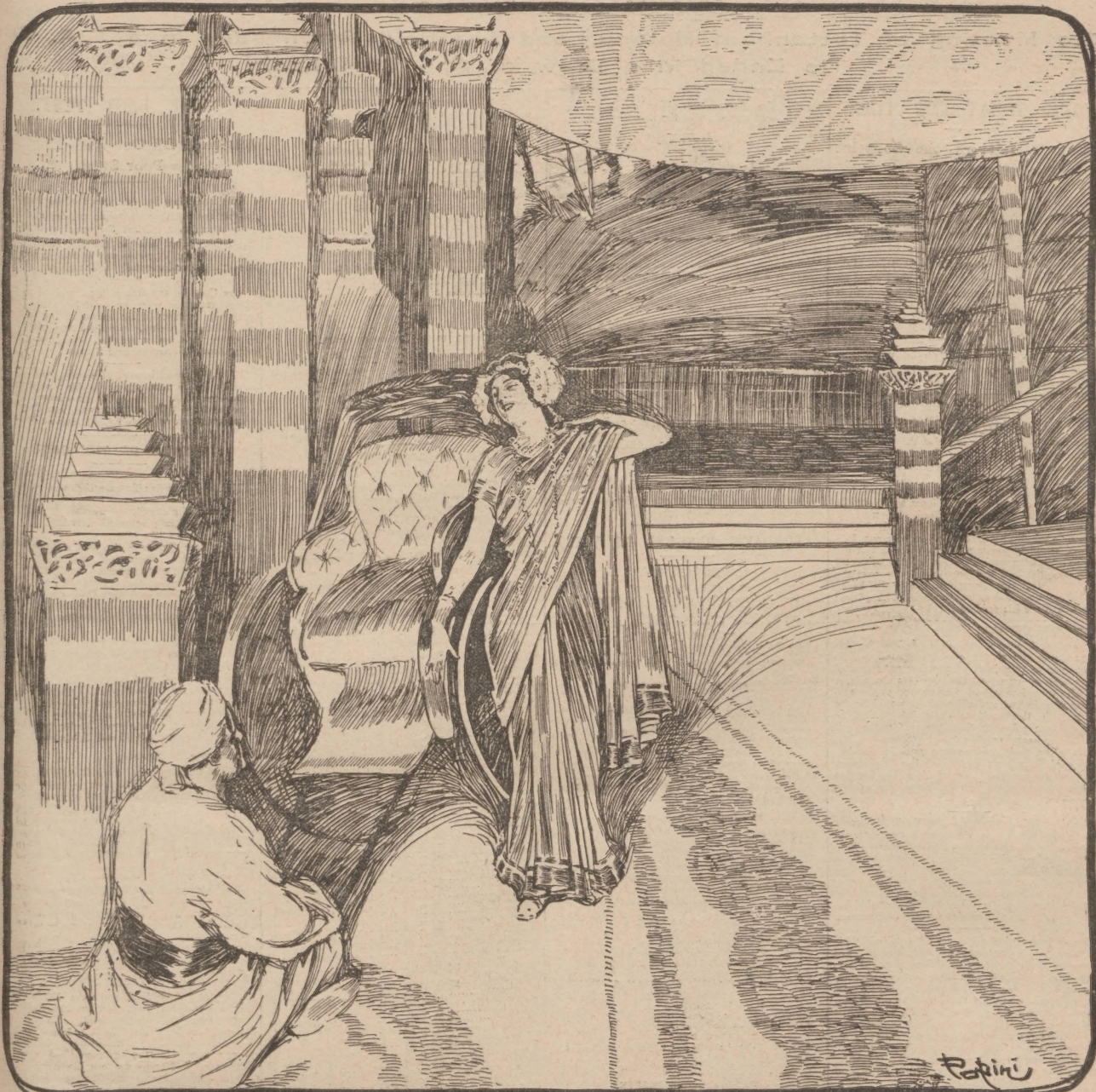
certainly the cheeriest, for the weather was delightful, and consequently the attendance larger. It was certainly a contrast to the meagre attendance on the day of the Grand Military. There were a bevy of pretty women to be seen, including the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Helen Stanley, Lady Tweeddale, and Lady Beatrice Vincent, as well as heads of racing men, some whom were Lord Darling, Lord Chalmersley, Lord Marcus Berosford, Lord Rendlesham, and Mr. Arthur Coventry.

A Vague Distinction.

Married a few days after attaining his majority, the Master of Bellhaven is a young man of great determination of character. In this respect he does not resemble his maternal grandmother, the late Mrs. Leigh Richmond, who was a delightful lady with a charming vagueness of manner.

Years ago, when society was much more exclusive than it is now, she was entertaining a house-party at her husband's place in Northamptonshire. Among the party was a stranger—a Frenchman—and when introducing him to his fellow-guests the hostess announced his credentials by saying, "Monsieur is a very important person in France; he comes next to the Emperor, you know."

"THE CINGALEE" A GREAT SUCCESS AT DALY'S.



The new musical comedy, "The Cingalee," which was produced by Mr. George Edwardes at Daly's Theatre on Saturday was a great success. Sunny Ceylon is the scene of the play, and the adventures of Nanoya, a pretty native girl, are the theme around which the plot is woven. Miss Sybil Arundale, as Nanoya, and Mr. Hayden Coffin, as her lover, charmed everyone with their singing.

SUNNY CEYLON AT DALY'S.

Fun and Fancy in "The Cingalee" Arouse Great Enthusiasm.

A beautiful piece, with a bouncing part—"The Cingalee" is just the very thing for Daly's Theatre, the "nest of singing birds," in Leicester-square, where Mr. George Edwardes has created a delightful tradition that all shall be a dream of love embowered, save for the permitted gambols of Mr. Rutland Barrington. By the happiest of happy thoughts the two necessary things have been combined in the delectable fashion.

Married in Haste.

But, alas! Nanoya (though she is fortunate in being played with infinite charm by Miss Sybil Arundale, who comes to Daly's with the laurels of "Lady Molly" fresh upon her) has had the ill-luck to be married already. She was married at the age of four to Mr. Rutland Barrington in his character as Boobhamba, the highest and mightiest of Cingalese nobles. Boobhamba, as one may understand when one remembers who it is that acts him, is distinguished by the fact that he alone of all the nobles of Ceylon can preserve his dignity with his back hair done in a bob, or bun, behind him. None the less, Nanoya loves him not. She ran

away to become a tea-girl. That is how she met Mr. Hayden Coffin.

After her there is, naturally enough, a hue and a cry, and Mr. Huntley Wright, to whom this piece provides a quite ideal chance for his particular "funniments" in the character of a native barrister, trained in England, or, more particularly, as he phrases it, "at the Temple bar." Mr. Huntley Wright thus becomes the first and perfect stage exponent of a real and almost inexhaustible source of mirth, namely, "baboo English."

The Bounding "Baboo."

In fact, as the conceited little native, with his smattering of elementary English, his "Malapropisms," and his mixing up of street slang and high-falutin' heroics, Mr. Huntley Wright's new part represents, with not so very much exaggeration, an actual London type such as most people have come across who have been through the ordeal of life in a London boarding-house. The wonder is that we should have waited for Cham-buddy Ram so long. Has not Mr. Anstey been writing about him almost for years in the pages of Punch—vide the "Jabberjee Papers"? Anyhow, here he is, to the life, in the shape of Mr. Huntley Wright, in an umbrella and eyeglasses, and a frock-coat and a smoking cap, just in time and just right, and, as he would probably put it, "better late than after the ball."

Apart from Mr. Huntley Wright's infinite jesting, in which commodity he was, according to one of the most popular ditties in "The Cingalee"—"a marvellous method of his own," and apart also from the songs and sights of Eden provided by Mr.

Hayden Coffin, Miss Sybil Arundale and the exquisite scenery and costumes, the piece is full of other liveliness, imported even from our own fog-bound island. For a touring party of English ladies and gentlemen arrive, as is usual at Daly's, including Miss Gracie Leigh, who has an opportunity of doing a soon-to-be-famous "monkey" dance with Mr. Huntley Wright, and Miss Isabel Jay, who, joyous as ever, looks in at Ceylon on her way to Japan. Hence these verses of the great topical song of the evening, by Mr. Adrian Ross:

There's a land where the morning ever
Comes new from the Eastern deep,
And the light is red upon Fuji's head
When the West is all asleep.
And in spite of the hills that sever,
And in spite of the waves that run,
I long to be by the Island Sea,
In the Land of the Rising Sun!
Fair Japan, like a painted fan,
On the Eastern sea outspread,
With your peaks of snow and the green below,
And the flowers of gold and red—
Fairest birth of the mother earth
Since ever her days began
The Isles of the West are your lovers confessed—
You have won our hearts, Japan!

The Cingalee received, it should be mentioned, a welcome that was universally enthusiastic, in spite of the late hour at which it finished. Queen Alexandra, who manifestly enjoyed herself, stayed to the very end. So did the happy gallery-boy who had waited since morning and entertained the interval with "God Save the King" in chorus. Mr. Lionel Monckton, who composed most part of the music; Mr. Tanner, who compiled the "book"; Mr. Adrian Ross and Mr. Percy Greenbank, who wrote the lyrics; and Mr. Paul Rubens, who assisted in all capacities; not to speak of Mr. Edwardes himself, were called-for to share the honours of the evening.

Special inquiries were made by the King and Queen yesterday as to the condition of the Hon. Reginald Ward, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. The latest reports state that he is a good deal better.

MAKING LOVE BY PROXY.

An East-end Writer of Love Letters at Threepence a Sheet.

I met the professional love-letter writer (writes a representative) on the top of a Shoreditch bus. He told me that his name was Griffin, and that he had supported himself for seven years by writing amorous letters for young people who did not feel able to conduct their own correspondence.

I inquired as delicately as I could concerning his tariff.

"For an ordinary note of about two sides of paper," he said, "I charge sixpence. For a communication twice that length I charge one shilling, and so on. Poetry, if required, is, of course, an extra."

"Here is a sample of verses for which I should exact the sum of eighteenpence:—

Florence darling, how I love you,
You're my precious only joy;
I'll be true as stars above you,
I'll be e'er your faithful boy.

Up and down life's road we'll wander,
Hand to hand and heart to heart;
Till that light that beckons yonder
Bids us say farewell and part.

"What I have just quoted," he went on, "is a specimen of the extra-sentimental style. Of course, I can provide something more flippant if required. This is a four-line verse I composed for a Hackney boot-finisher, who was wooing a young lady named Alice:—

We'll soon be tasting the joys of marriage,
My dearest Alice and I;
The honeymoon shall be at Harwich,
Hi-diddle-di-hi-ti-hi-hi-hi.

"That is brilliant indeed," I remarked.

"Very happy to hear you say so, sir."

"What class do you get most of your clients from?"
"From all sections of East End society. Factory hands, shop boys, and such like."

DISAPPOINTING GAME AT TOTTENHAM.

The Meeting of Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday in a F.A. Cup Tie Ended in a Draw of One Goal Each.

FOUR GREAT CUP TIES.

Bolton Wanderers the Surprise Packet of the Round.

It is seldom nowadays that a big Association football match takes place without a certain afterflow of recrimination between the parties. Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday, whose F.A. Cup engagement at Tottenham on Saturday afternoon was the centrepiece of the football stage for the day, assert through their respective captains in the columns of the "Weekly Dispatch" that they ought to have won. The impartial spectator will not agree with either.

So far as the pure science of football was concerned, the Hotspurs were the cleverer team. Their forward work was at times so dashing and inspiring that it seemed as if no opposition could live in face of it. Brilliant field play does not, however, necessarily imply the ability to score goals. The 'Spurs did everything but score goals to the first half, and the assertion that they made their opponents look like a team of schoolboys during that period was perfectly justifiable.

In the second half the Sheffielders recovered their form to some extent, and the 'Spurs tiring rapidly from the effects of their exertions in the first half, the game was nearly won by the visitors in the last minute. V. Simpson, Sheffield's amateur left-winger, certainly put the ball in the net, but the referee ordered a goal kick, his opinion evidently being that the ball had previously gone off the line. With this view Crawshaw, the Sheffield captain, disagrees, and naturally those who played with him share his opinions.

Crawshaw's View.

Crawshaw is a very fine player, indeed, but his judgment in the matter of this disputed goal is fairly open to question. Players are not expected to see with an impartial eye, whereas the referee is. Mr. John Lewis is at the very top of the profession of referees, and although he would be the best man in the world to claim infallibility, he makes fewer mistakes than most. Certainly it would have been hard lines on the 'Spurs had Mr. Lewis given their opponents a goal in the last minute of Saturday's game, for the Wednesday men were by no means the equals of the London team in the true football sense. But of that matter, more anon.

The size of the attendance—18,000 all told—must have staggered those who anticipated a record gathering. There cannot be the slightest doubt but that the football public was scared by the fiasco of a fortnight ago and stayed away. The people were content to see the match through the eyes of the evening paper reporters rather than run the risk of being crushed and mauled and kneaded between two masses of their fellow men and women.

The directors of the 'Spurs did not limit their protective arrangements to the field of play. On the backs of their admission tickets they printed, in red ink, a notice to the effect that they did not guarantee that the match would be played, and that under no circumstances would money be returned. The legality of this condition may, or may not be, open to question. Most assuredly we think, however, that it ought to have been publicly advertised before the match was played, for no man could have been aware of its existence, provided he was not told by a friend, until after he had purchased his ticket.

Not a Great Match.

The match will not live in the history of football as a great one. Whatever reputations for extreme cleverness the teams previously possessed they certainly did not add to them on Saturday afternoon. The candid critic gazed upon the ungainly antics, the ponderous, impotent dashes of the Sheffield Wednesday team, and asked himself in wonder, "Can these men really be the leaders in the Football League competition?"

It is almost an insult to schoolboy football to say that the Wednesday players were like a team of schoolboys in the first half. It would have been far more correct to have compared them to a team of novices. For one period of about ten minutes they were utterly demoralised. Each man seemed to have realised that the team which they had threatened to run off their legs in the first ten minutes was far too slippery to hold. It was amusing, as well as a trifle pitiful, to see such a veteran as Crawshaw flopping about after the ball like a wounded hawk after a chicken.

While one cannot accuse the 'Spurs of slovenliness, a lack of method, or be quite candid their field play in the first half was sometimes brilliant—they kept on losing the ball in a most exasperating fashion to a defence that was at no time reliable. Their captain, J. L. Jones, told us in yesterday's "Weekly Dispatch" that they ought to have led at the interval by three clear goals.

Mysterious Failure.

It is hard to say what caused them to fail so lamentably when it came to the critical moment; Certainly Lyall, Burton, and Layton were not greatly to blame. The 'Spurs' failure, or inability to get goals, was the one great blemish in an otherwise very clever team. As has been said, however, neither eleven added to its reputation, much as there was to admire and wax enthusiastic over in the work of the home performers.

Coming down to individuals, it is easy to single out the man who is most entitled to our praise. V. J. Woodward was at times like a meteor in a muggy sky. The brilliant young amateur played the game of his life, and that is saying a great deal. While he did not distrust his fellow players, he was not too lavishly unselfish. It was as well for

his side that he was not. Woodward's dribbling brought back memories of the illustrious Cobbold.

We will take it as read that the Wednesday players did not show anything like their proper form, and thereby give ourselves cause to anticipate the replay with all the more eagerness. The chances of the 'Spurs will not be greatly affected by the change of scene and environment to Owlerton. The 'Spurs are that rare exception—a team that can show its true form quite as easily away as at home. If we are fated to have a repetition of Saturday's performance on Wednesday then the 'Spurs, with a little more luck, are bound to win. There is a very big "if" in the argument, however.

The Other Ties.

Bolton Wanderers and Derby County are safely in the semi-final, but Manchester City and Middlesbrough, like Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday, must meet again. The defeat of Sheffield United by Bolton was the surprise of the round. The Second League team had done nothing to warrant the assumption that they would conquer such experienced Cup fighters as the United, yet they did so, and apparently quite easily. There seems a very fair prospect of the Cup being won this year by a side that never previously held it.

Some very interesting photographs of incidents in the match at Tottenham on Saturday, together with a picture of the Tottenham Hotspur team, appear on Page 9.

SATURDAY'S RESULTS IN BRIEF.

ASSOCIATION.	
F.A. CUP—Third Round.	
Tottenham Hotspur (h) 1; Sheffield Wednesday, 1.	
Bolton Wanderers (h) 2; Sheffield Utd., 0.	
Manchester City (h) 0; Middlesbrough, 0.	
Derby County (h) 1; Blackpool, 0.	
FOOTBALL LEAGUE I.	
Notts Forest, 3; Stoke (h), 2.	
Small Heath (h), 2; Sunderland, 1.	
Wolverhampton Wanderers, 2; West Bromwich A. (h), 1.	
LEAGUE II.	
Woolwich Arsenal, 2; Lincoln City (h), 0.	
Grimby Town (h), 3; Gainsborough Trinity, 1.	
Bristol City, 3; Burnley, 0.	
Preston North End (h), 4; Burton United, 0.	
Leicester Fosse (h), 5; Blackpool, 1.	
Barnley (h), 1; Burnley Port Vale, 0.	
Stockport County (h), 2; Bradford City, 0.	
Chesham, 0; Glossop, 0.	
SOUTHERN LEAGUE.	
Queen's Park Rangers (h), 1; Swindon, 0.	
Bristol Rovers (h), 5; Kettering, 1.	
Reading (h), 3; Fulham, 0.	
New Brompton, 3; Brighton and Hove Albion (h), 1.	
Southampton, 4; Wellingborough (h), 2.	
Portsmouth (h), 2; West Ham United, 0.	
Division II.	
Portsmouth Reserves, 5; Chesham, 2.	
Swindon Reserves, 2; Southall, 1.	
Watford, 5; Wycombe Wanderers, 0.	
Fulham Reserves, 2; Reading Reserves, 1.	
SCOTTISH CUP (Semi-Final).	
Glasgow Rangers, 3; Greenock Morton, 0.	
Third Round (Replayed Tie).	
Celtic, 5; Dundee, 0.	
SCOTTISH LEAGUE.	
Third Lanark, 4; Airdrieonians, 0.	
Partick Thistle, 2; Motherwell, 0.	
Heart of Midlothian, 3; Kilmarock, 2.	
AMATEUR CUP (Third Round).	
Ealing, 2; Norwich City (h), 1.	
Whitehead (Wormouth), 2; Chesham, 2.	
LONDON LEAGUE.	
Division I.	
Millwall (h), 1; Clapton Orient, 1.	
West Ham United (h), 1; Brentford, 0.	
Division II.	
Woolwich Polytechnic, 4; Great Western Railway, 0.	
Walthamstow Town, 5; Haverhill, 2.	
Enfield, 3; Child's Hill Imperial, 2.	
Catford Southend, 4; Finchley, 5.	
SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.	
Grays United, 6; Chesham General, 0.	
Brighton and Hove Albion Res., 4; New Brompton Res., 0.	
SURREY CHARITY SHIELD (Semi-Final).	
Croydon, 1; Tooting Park, 1.	

SOUTH ESSEX LEAGUE.	
Southend Athletic, 4; Wansford, 2.	
SHERIFF OF LONDON SHIELD.	
Corinthians, 10; Bury, 3.	
MIDDLESEX SENIOR CUP (Semi-Final).	
West Ham United, 0; Richmond Association, 0.	
Shepherd's Bush, 4; Civil Service, 1.	
MIDDLESEX JUNIOR CUP (Semi-Final).	
Asplia Rovers, 1; Millwall Athletic, 0.	
OTHER MATCHES.	
Everton, 2; Aston Villa, 2.	
Northampton, 2; Notts Forest, 2.	
Newcastle United, 3; St. Mirren, 0.	
Clapton, 4; Ilford, 2.	
Sheen Colliery, 0; London Welsh, 1.	
Marlow, 1; Bowers Park, 0.	
Chesham General, 4; Rickmansworth, 2.	
Leamington, 5; pte. Aberystwyth, 0.	
Tunbridge Wells, 4; War Office, 1.	
Crayford Athletic, 5; Bromley, 0.	

RUGBY.	
London Scottish, 14 pts.; Blackheath (h), 10.	
London Welsh, 30 pts.; London Irish, 0.	
Harlequins, 5 pts.; Marlborough Nomads, 0.	
Richmond (h), 16 pts.; Leamster, 6.	
Old Merchant Wanderers, 0; Thomas's Hospital, 0.	
Rosga Park, 18 pts.; Royal Engineers, 8.	
Leamington, 5 pts.; Aberystwyth, 0.	
Mountain Ash, 14 pts.; Pontypriid, 0.	
Pennarth, 6 pts.; Llanysypis, 0.	

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL FIXTURES.

ASSOCIATION.	
LEAGUE II.	
At Lincoln—Lincoln City v. Bristol City.	
SOUTHERN LEAGUE.	
At Wellingborough—Wellingborough v. Luton.	
LONDON LEAGUE—Premier Division.	
At Millwall, 3.30—Millwall v. Woolwich Arsenal.	
At Tottenham, 3.50—Tottenham Hotspur v. Queen's Park Rangers.	
At West Ham, 3.30—West Ham United v. Fulham.	

LEAGUE TABLES UP-TO-DATE.	
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.	
Played.	Won. Dn. Lost. For. Agt. Pts.
Sheffield Wednesday	25 15 7 4 4 37 19 37
Manchester City	25 15 7 4 4 37 19 37
Aston Villa	25 14 5 5 4 34 33 35
Sheffield Utd.	25 14 5 5 4 34 33 35
Wolverhampton W.	25 13 6 6 5 32 42 32
Sheff. Wednesday	25 13 6 6 5 32 42 32
Newcastle United	25 13 5 6 6 32 38 31
Everton	25 13 4 6 6 32 38 31
Middlesbrough	25 13 4 6 6 32 38 31
Blackburn Rovers	25 13 4 6 6 32 38 31
Bury	25 12 6 7 3 36 30 34
Notts Forest	25 12 6 7 3 36 30 34
Notts County	25 12 6 7 3 36 30 34
Derby County	25 12 6 7 3 36 30 34
Small Heath	25 12 6 7 3 36 30 34
Stoke	25 12 6 7 3 36 30 34
West Bromwich	25 12 6 7 3 36 30 34
Liverpool	25 12 6 7 3 36 30 34

DIVISION II.	
Played.	Won. Dn. Lost. For. Agt. Pts.
Preston North End	25 18 4 3 3 52 17 40
Woolwich Arsenal	25 16 3 4 5 44 15 35
Burnley	25 16 3 4 5 44 15 35
Bolton Wanderers	25 16 3 4 5 44 15 35
Bristol City	25 11 6 7 3 38 32 29
Manchester United	25 11 6 7 3 38 32 29
Grimby Town	25 11 6 7 3 38 32 29
Gainsborough	25 11 6 7 3 38 32 29
Chesham	25 10 6 8 3 36 40 32
Lincoln City	25 10 6 8 3 36 40 32
Barton United	25 8 5 11 2 26 45 21
Leicester Fosse	25 7 7 12 1 31 45 21
Glossop	25 6 4 14 2 26 56 21
Barnley Port Vale	25 6 4 14 2 26 56 21
Blackpool	25 6 4 14 2 26 56 21
Stockport County	25 5 8 13 2 27 39 18

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.	
Played.	Won. Dn. Lost. For. Agt. Pts.
Houthampton	25 15 5 5 5 54 25 35
Bristol Rovers	25 15 5 5 5 54 25 35
Portsmouth	25 14 4 6 5 52 34 32
Millwall	25 14 4 6 5 52 34 32
Reading	25 14 4 6 5 52 34 32
Luton	25 11 8 6 4 37 30 30
Queen's Park R.	25 9 7 9 7 35 38 25
Tottenham Hotspur	25 9 7 9 7 35 38 25
Fulham	25 9 7 9 7 35 38 25
Plymouth Argyle	25 9 7 9 7 35 38 25
Brentford	25 8 11 10 2 37 45 21
New Brompton	25 8 11 10 2 37 45 21
Northampton	25 8 11 10 2 37 45 21
Brighton and Hove	25 8 11 10 2 37 45 21
Wellingborough	25 8 11 10 2 37 45 21
West Ham United	25 7 14 12 3 33 18
Swindon	25 5 6 10 10 30 60 16
Kettering	25 5 6 10 10 30 60 16

ROCK SAND AND MAHER.



MAHER has just arrived in England to renew his engagement to ride under the Rules of Racing for Blackwell's stable. He was on the back of Rock Sand when he won the three classic events of 1903, and will start Sir James Miller's beautiful little horse at Ascot during the forthcoming season.

THE LAST TEST.

Australia All Out 247—England's Poor Start.

The final Test has lost much of its importance in the eyes of the Australian public, and a very poor attendance marked the opening of the first day's play; but later in the afternoon, when it got about that Trumper was making a big score, the attendance increased considerably.

The Colonial captain, Noble, received an enthusiastic reception when he went in to bat, and he certainly deserved it by reason of his fine effort at Sydney. Gehrs, who took the place of S. Gregory, was not a success, succumbing to the wily Braund after making 3 runs.

"Len" Braund bowled brilliantly, and his eight wickets for 81 runs is one of the best things he has accomplished throughout his career. Braund was the busy "B" at Melbourne, not Bosanquet. The Middlesex amateur had his day at Sydney.

DETAILS OF THE GAME.

MELBOURNE, March 5.
The last of the five Test matches was commenced here to-day, and attracted before the end of the afternoon a big crowd, the number of people present being officially returned at 17,839.

Noble beat Warner in the toss, and sent in Duff and Trumper. Hirst and Braund started in bowling. The game opened very brightly, 7 runs being scored in Hirst's first over and 6 in Braund's. Directly after this, however, Duff was bowled, the first wicket falling at 13. Hirst followed him, and narrowly escaped being run out when he had made 9.

At 42 Rhodes displaced Braund, but Trumper hit him for three 4's in his first over. Arnold relieved Hirst at 63, and then, off Rhodes's bowling, Noble was caught in the slips. (Two for 67.) With Hirst in runs came less rapidly, but at 75 Braund resumed bowling, Rhodes giving way to him. At lunch time the total was 96 for two wickets. Trumper having made 58 and Noble 13.

Trumper's Dismissal.
At the resumption of play Rhodes and Arnold shared the bowling. Trumper continued to bat in brilliant style and Noble played very sound cricket. The score rose at a good pace, and, as Rhodes proved ineffective, Braund bowled again. The change parted the batsmen, Braund with a felicitous catch off his own bowling getting rid of Trumper at 142. In his 88 Trumper hit eleven 4's.

McAlister came in next, but only two runs had been added when Noble was caught in the slips. Gehrs, who had a very cordial reception, began cautiously. The score having reached 158, the form—a little faster than usual—and was kept up by smart fielding. He caught and bowled Gehrs at 159.

Hopkins joined McAlister, and at 169 Bosanquet tried for the first time, took the ball from Hirst. Some fierce hitting followed. Hopkins used balls, and thirteen runs were scored off Bosanquet in one over, Hopkins getting eleven of them. Among other hits he made a big drive over the bowler's head for 5. At the tea interval the score was 208 for five wickets; McAlister 27 and Hopkins 29.

Slow Scoring.

The Governor-General was present when the players came out again. Braund and Hirst bowled as before, and at 218 McAlister's stumped. With three runs added, Hopkins's vigorous innings was closed by a catch at long-on. McLeod and Trumble played together for some little time, and Trumble was slowly till at 231 McLeod was caught at cover-point. Trumble was not only caught at mid-off at 233, and after the wicket had put on a dozen runs Cotter was bowled, the innings, which had lasted three hours and fifty minutes, ending for 247. Braund, who bowled wonderfully well, took the last four wickets for 19 runs.

Little time remained for play, and Warner altered the usual order of the English batting, sending Rhodes in with Hayward. Noble and Cotter began the bowling. The start was disastrous. Hayward played out in the first over, and from the next ball Arnold was caught at the wicket. In this way two batsmen were out without a run having been obtained. Rhodes and Warner played with extreme caution, and when stumps were drawn the score was four. The wicket is in good condition.

AUSTRALIA.	
B. A. Duff, b Braund	9
V. Trumper, c b Braund	88
C. Hill, b Braund	29
M. G. Gehrs, c b Braund	13
P. McAlister, st Lillier, b Braund	27
A. Gehrs, c b Braund	13
A. J. Hopkins, c Knight, b Braund	29
C. McLeod, c Rhodes, b Braund	6
H. Trumble, c b Braund	6
J. J. Kelly, not out	0
A. Cotter, b Braund	4
Extras	4
Total	247
ENGLAND.	
Hayward, b Noble	0
Rhodes, not out	2
Arnold, c Kelly, b Noble	1
P. F. Warner, not out	1
Total	4
BOWLING ANALYSIS.	
AUSTRALIA—First Innings.	
Overs.	Maidens.
Hirst	12.3
Braund	6
Rhodes	12
Arnold	6
Bosanquet	6
Reuter's Special Service	

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